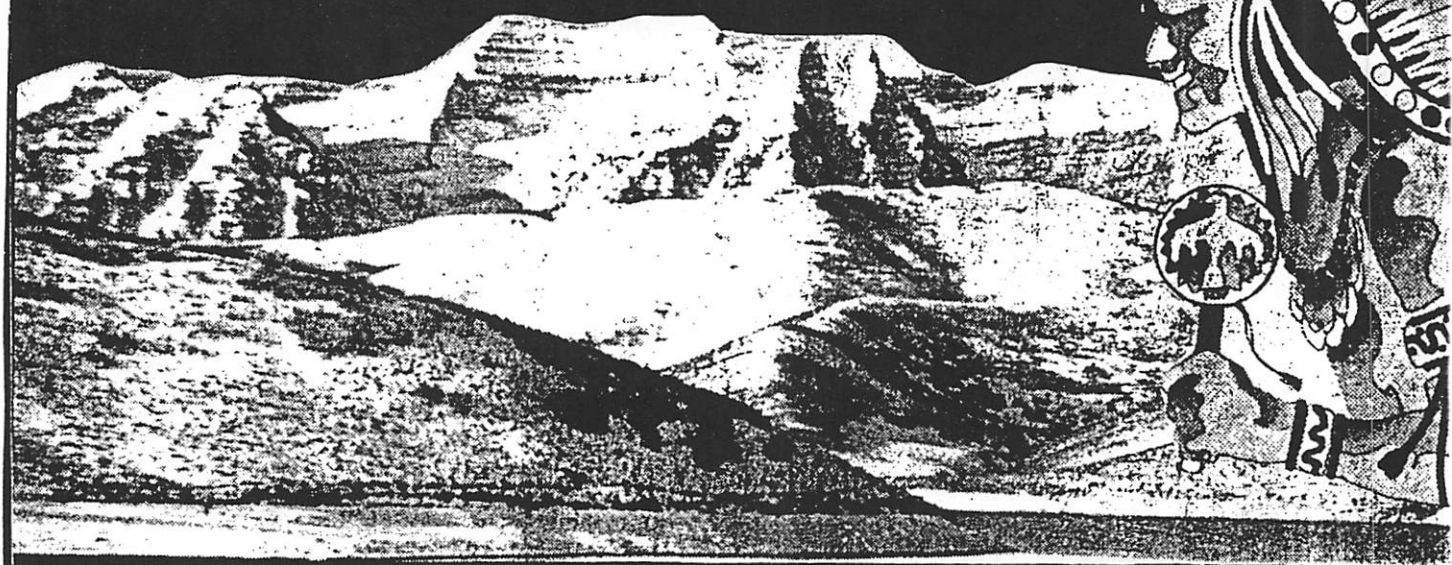


Editor's Note: If Mt. Timpanogos could only talk, what stories would it tell? It has seen over the centuries all of the happenings in Heber Valley. The following legend of Timpanogos was written by Beulah Ungerman McElprang of Huntington, Utah. She has written poetry, Christmas stories and plays in addition to this work. Ms. McElprang is the mother of Eddis Witt of Heber City and has been working on the "legend" all winter, researching ancient Indian folklore and symbolisms. 1/3/80



## THE LEGEND OF TIMPANOGOS

By Beulah Ungerman McElprang

On a high and windy Mountain,  
In the Western Rocky Mts.,  
Where the ancient Mujikeewis  
Ruled the mighty Winds of Heaven,  
Climbed the maiden, Ucanogas.  
Climbed until she reached the summit.  
There to wait until her warrior  
Came to claim her hand forever.  
In marriage they would be together.

She at last had gained the summit.  
There upon the crest she rested,  
In the Kingdom of the Spirit,  
Who slew the great bear of the Mt.  
There she planned to wait the nightfall,  
Listen to the owl's night call.  
Then Timpanac, the Nez Perce Warrior  
Would start his upward climb to reach her.

As she sat there, Ucanogas viewed the valley  
Wide, below her,  
Where the warriors and the maidens  
Danced the mystic dance of planting.  
Planting of the corn, Mondamin,  
Green and yellow maize, Mondamin.  
That the Spirit, Cautantowwit  
Would be pleased, and make it grow tall,  
That the harvest would be fruitful,  
Would be bountious in the rich fall.

When the fall comes, Cautantowwit,  
Spirit God of Indian summer,  
In the Heavens sets a full moon,  
Color of the leaves of Autumn.  
Glowing like an Indian campfire,  
Casts a mystic spell with moonlight.  
Then the corn field, ripe for harvest,  
Transforms into swaying Spirits.  
Becomes a dancing field of Spirits.

The stocks turn into swaying tepees.  
As figures steal around the campfire,  
Flames portray the chanting warriors,  
Circle around in mystic rhythm.  
The war paint of the Indian Spirits  
Turn the leaves to red and orange.  
And the flaming prairie flowers  
Change into the Indian paint brush.

When the summer turns to Autumn,  
And the leaves take on bright colors,  
Then the maidens glean the corn fields.  
From the stock they glean the rich corn.  
Pluck the yellow maize, Mondamin,  
Precious gift of food, Mondamin.  
To be stored in earth, for winter,  
When Peboam, Chief of winter,  
Sends the mighty winds from north lands.  
Covers all the land with whiteness.

As Ucanogas, on the Mountain  
Day dreams of the Indian summer,  
When the haze would fill the valley  
Like a ghostly prairie fire,  
Saw she the sun set o'er the Mountain  
Of the westland, bathed in splendor.  
One last splash of vivid color,  
E'er the shadows of the pine trees  
Lengthened into ebon darkness.

Lo! The woeftul, dismal, wailing  
Of the coyote's distant howling,  
Made her shiver in the darkness.  
Coyote was a sign of evil!

What is keeping Timpanac, she wonders.  
Will he find her, in the darkness?  
Then the night sound of the owl  
Gave Ucanogas reassurance.  
For the Spirit of the owl,  
Guardian of the night, would help her.  
So she waited in the shadow,  
The arrival of Timpanac.

When the moon rose o'er the Mountain,  
Sending forth its silvery light shafts,  
T'was the signal for the suitors  
Of her hand to climb the Mountain.

But the other treacherous warriors,  
The Cherokee and Sioux together,  
Had crept away before the moon rose,  
To wait in ambush, on the Mountain.

Timpanac observed the moon rise  
In a rosy glow of promise,  
And with joyful heart he swiftly  
Started to ascend the Mountain.

There to find the maiden waiting,  
There to claim her hand in marriage.  
He would take her to his people.  
She would be his Indian Princess.

Just before he reached the summit,  
On a three and five foot landing,  
He was startled by the warriors,  
Who caught him unawares, and wrestled,  
Pitting all their strength against him.  
Though he bravely fought the battle,  
Alone he could not overcome them.  
And they threw his wounded body  
From the ledge, to bleed and die there.

When Ucanogas, from the summit,  
Saw the murder of her loved one,  
In loud lament and ceaseless weeping  
She threw herself down from the summit,  
Called to the Spirit of the Mountain  
To claim and to protect her body,  
And release her grieving Spirit!

That her Spirit be not earth bound,  
But reunited with her warrior.  
That as in life they had been parted,  
Now, in death, they be united.

When the Spirit of Timpanac  
Arose above his bleeding body,  
Went he then to Mujikeewis,  
Mighty Spirit of the Mountains.  
Took his peace-pipe as an offering.  
To the Gods made he an offering.

To this day, the ghostly Spirit  
Of the peace-pipe on the Mountain,  
Grows, a ghostly white, a symbol  
Of the sacrifice he offered.

Cried the Spirit of the warrior  
To the Spirit Mujikeewis  
"Take her body, as she bade you.  
Guard it well from every evil,  
But to me her heart was promised,  
Give to me her heart to cherish,  
That I may lock it up forever."  
Then the mighty Mujikeewis pledged to Timpanac  
His promise  
That the heart of Ucanogas  
Should be locked in sacred keeping.

Then the mighty Mujikeewis  
Took the heart of Ucanogas  
With the heart of Timpanac  
And welded them as one, forever.  
Thus he placed them in the Mountain,  
As its heart, within the Mountain.  
In a cave, so dark and gloomy,  
That the slinking power of evil  
Feared to enter to its bosom!

For the mighty Mujikeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of Heaven,  
Whose home is in the Rocky Mountains,  
Had seen the combat, and he heard her.  
Called he then to Nepahwin, Spirit of deep sleep,  
To help him.

They, together, took the body  
Of the lifeless Ucanogas,  
Gently placed it on the Mountain,  
To be called "The Sleeping Woman."  
To this very day she lies there.

On the Mountain she is sleeping  
Then the Spirit of Timpanac  
Came to greet the lovely Spirit  
Of his loved one, Ucanogas.  
They, hand in hand, began their journey  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
Kingdom of the Ghost's Hereafter.

Manitou, the Mighty Spirit,  
Felt for them a special warmness.  
For he knew that they were worthy  
Of his very special blessing.

Yet, he knew their four-day journey,  
In the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Must be lighted by a campfire,  
That they might reach  
The Great Hereafter.

So he sent a bolt of lightning  
To light a mighty forest fire.  
To light the lovers' way to Heaven,  
And slay the treacherous scheming warriors  
Who robbed the lovers of their earth life.

Two days journey were the Spirits  
In their travel to the North Star,  
Where the gap to their escape lay,  
Where they might pass through to Heaven.

When the light of burning forest  
Could no longer reach to guide them,  
Then Manitou, the Mighty Spirit,  
Took the frozen shafts of moonbeams.  
In a mighty arch he placed them,  
Flaming in the frozen North Lands  
As a beacon light reflecting  
The two lovers' way to Heaven.

Soon Timpanac and Ucanogas  
Reached the land of the Hereafter.  
There to dwell foreverafter  
In the Kingdom of the Bless-ed.  
In the Kingdom of the North Land,  
Still the northern lights are burning,  
In remembrance of the lovers  
To their Heavenly home returning.  
While the Rocky Mountains westward,  
Covered with a misty shroud,  
Lies Timpanogas, Sleeping Woman.  
Resting there, among the clouds.